The ardors that distinguish musicians are well set forth in Beatrix Demarest Lloyd's story, "The Pastime of Eternity" (Charles Scribner's Sons). Thomas the butler found the "bombilation" of Mr. Holbein's 'cello rather disturbing. It was Thomas's duty to stand sentinel in the Holbein hall at night. It was a lonely hall, and the 'cello upstairs, in Thomas's opinion, always bombilated "the kind of tune that makes a man look behind him in the dark." Holbein was a serious musician, it will be understood. He did not play the 'cello in a trivial spirit, and Thomas no more wanted to be alone in the hall with one of his "tunes" than Thackeray wanted to be closeted with Michael Angelo's Moses. Thomas was always glad when Mrs. Holbein came back from the theatre. He did not like that gorgeous and superficial lady-the story takes good care that nobody shall like her-but he welcomed the "cunctative sound" of her carriage wheels rolling up to the door, for her return meant that he was at liberty to turn cut the lights and get away from

stre. Holbein, of course, was no sort of mate for her husband. She set him on edge, and seemed rather to like it. Very different was the case with Lea de Bésarique She was 21, and "singularly impressive."
Her father, the Chevalier, "attributed her self-possession and grave dignity to the consciously patrician blocd that gave her life though it was in reality not her eupatrid ancestors, but her amazing intuitive maturity that gave to her appearance so little of girlishness. How she managed, delicately enshrined bit of womanhood that she was, with no experience of the world, to have developed so comprehensive a sympathy, had always baffled Holbein, although had he but known, his own friendship, in its clean disregard of the standards of idiocy set by convention for a young woman, had done much to cultivate her natural precedity."

We may be sure that Holbein's music did not affect her as it did Thomas. It was Holbein's habit to play only in his own room, where nobody but the unhappy butler could hear him. The first time he played for Lea he serted himself at the piano and, after a few soft, introspective chords, began in the middle of the Thirteenth Rhapsody. After that "the rippling madness of a new theme fairly bubbled into the air. Then, suddenly, capriciously, he for sook that too, and went on with some nameless music of his own, which Lea instantly knew to be his because of the intimate reflection of himself therein. For the most part be finished nothing, began nothing. It was a vague, chaotic upheaval of fragments, some long buried and some new born, a kind of Judgment Day, a confession of saints and a forgiveness of sin, a resurrection of the dead and a life ever-

We must consider it fortunate for Thomas that it was not heard by that faithful functionary. Perhaps more remarkable still was Holbein's duet with his housemaid, Hulda, who knew a Joseph del Gesù fiddle when she set eyes on it, and who turned out to be the great Jan Tzarcy's daughter. He played the 'cello and she the Joseph del Gesu. The piece was an obligato written in by Holbein for one of Boccherini's wonder pieces. "The suspense of the sixth and seventh measures seemed fairly unbearable. It was like a wave lifting itself higher and higher, in slow quivering strength, and the relief of the eighth measure came like the final overtopping of its crest into the restful waters.

"The voices of the two burst out together like two sudden angels and fairly swept the heavens with their song. Ali the lighter glory of the violin played around the strong contralto splendor of the 'cello's voice now lost in the surging volume of tone and now ringing out high, clear and sweet above the softer cadences. the magic of their touch, the song of the love of the stronger for its gentler mate, of the weaker for its master. In and about wove the two voices, each the perfect complement of the other-twisting and weaving, parting and returning, drawing all the glowing colors of the world into the splendid web.

"And then the voices ceased together in a soft melting diminuendo that made them seem merely floating away into a distance too far for mortal ears. It seemed the glorious song was still pouring out its passionate purity somewhere within firmament, that it could never end, but merely pass from hearing, as it had so wonderfully swept into it." Thomas, who heard it, survived, though

he probably had no business to do anything so callous. After Lea's father had nobly starved himself to death, as a result of paying his son's debts and saving the family honor, and after Mrs. Holbein had perished in an automobile accident. Holbein was free_to marry Lea. This was after that great sorrow in the course of which he had lain for four hours on the ground in Central Park in a heavy rain, thereby contracting a fever, through which he was nursed tenderly by Hulda. He offered to marry Hulda, but she refused to stand in the way of Lea's happiness. A capable and sympathetic story, setting forth very strongly the fervors that

Mr. Churchill in the Dark and Bloody Ground.

If it had not been for the St. Louis exhibition, we are sure that Mr. Winston Churchill's new book, "The Crossing" (Macmillans), would have been better artistically than it is A story that brings in Daniel Boone and Andrew Jackson, John Sevier and George Rogers Clarke, with the red Indians and frontiersmen and all the adventures suggested by the "dark and bloody ground," could not well be other than exciting, particularly when told with the skill Mr. Churchill has acquired. But even 600 closely printed pages are not enough to include the winning of Louisiana besides. The attempt to do this crowds things too much; it turns what started to be a clearly defined picture into a moving panorama, and the story suffers. At the end the French Revolution is dragged in, too, and the romance halts while the author explains. It may be that Mr. Churchill began with Louisiana in view and after loitering on the way felt bound to carry out his first intention. It seems an artistic mistake. The book is too long and too much is crammed into it. We cannot sympathize with the author's regret that he could not get Jackson at New Orleans into it.

Though the story is told in the first person, Mr. Churchill has succeeded in giving character to his hero, an unusual achievement. He is not only a fine fellow, but can be clearly distinguished by personal traits from other fine fellows. Most of the minor characters are clearly sketched; the reader remembers them even when they appear for only a page or two. Even the historical figures have life. In some cases, however, the people are very conventional,

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and we form an impression of literary reminiscence rather than of invention. It is certainly audacious for any writer to venture upon the ground Mr. Cable has made his own, the French of Louisiana at the mement of annexation. The heroine's European history is a drag on the love story that hardly seems justified by anything that arises from it.

Novel readers will not mind such trifles, however. If they can read Mr. Churchill at all, they will continue to the end, for one adventure crowds upon another, and they will hardly repine at the bounteons meas ure that he deals out. There are charming descriptions, plenty of outdoor life and patriotism without stint.

Uncle Peter Couldn't Catch 'Em.

Lieut. Robert Dalrymple, the young American patriot, was gobbled up early by the British enemy in the story of "Dalrymple; a Romance of the Prison Ship the Jersey," by Mary C. Francis (James Pott & Co.). At the battle of Long Island he "felt a bullet cut his own right arm," and shortly afterward he was "felled to the earth" with a musket butt and "rolled unconscious on the sward." It was raining when he came to. "Sharp pains shot ligion and Education," by Dr. G. Starley through him and every joint creaked in Hall, President of Clark University (Apagony." As if this was not enough, a | pletons) growling injunction to lie still was "emphasized by a prod from a stout boot."
For thirty-six hours "the delirium of fever ravaged him." At the end of that time, "with oaths and kicks" he was "driven between decks" on "a huge, black, forbidding hulk." There "a laugh that chilled Robert sounded in his ears," and a "human wreck that plucked him by the sleeve pointed to the closed hatches and said:

Leave hope behind you. This is the Of course, he got out again after a proper term of dreadful experience; and we trust that it is not revealing too much to say that he married Elizabeth Windom, the handsomest young woman in New York, in spite of her Uncle Peter Simpson, that truculent old Tory, who glowed like a rich sunset with the slathers of Burgundy

that he had consumed. Certain historical passages of the story will stir the reader. There was one who came "riding like the wind of a charger fit for such a master." He flung wrathful words about. "His superb figure rose to its full proportions in the saddle as he wilted Lee with his wrath." That, of course, was Washington at Monmouth. Turning in righteous rage, he swung into the full range of battle, rode up and down the line in the face of the hottest fire of the enemy, shouting and cheering the men and turning the tide of the day to the American arms." It is an old and familiar story, but glorious enough to shine even through this simple telling, adorned only by the splendid heroism of the one man who ever lived who could have successfully carried our then weak American arms to a triumphal issue with the most powerful antagonist on the globe. While the "brief but historic episode between Washington and Lee was transpiring"-and so on. We are glad that it "transpired," for it has been made

to add, as we have seen, to the sparkle of Said Dalrymple to Elizabeth in due time: "Thank God, you are my wife now. The whole British army shall not take you from me." They were fleeing together on horse-back. It was night. "The late moon was rising, and her elongated orb showed pallidly through the fog." Uncle Peter was chasing behind, but he was too portly and too Burgundy-laden to overtake them. As they dismounted at the river shore and entered the boat which was to bear them to New Jersey, Elizabeth was filled with a playful and teasing spirit. A "melodious gale of laughter" greeted the ears of Uncle Peter as the boat sped away. Elizabeth stood up and waved her scarf at him. "Good-by, Uncle Peter," she cried. "You didn't start soon enough." The flush of the Burgundy departed absolutely from Uncle Peter. "In the moonlight his face showed ghastly white," the story says. We were sorry for him, but there was plenty of good stuff at home in the cellar, and we are confident that he got back his color

presently. Youth Dissected by Dr. Hall.

An ingenious form of popular scientific exposition that must have originated in Germany seems to be spreading to America, through the efforts of Americans who have studied at German universities and are therefore inclined to magnify the importance of German knowledge and German methods. In that happy land a generation or so ago elaborate and learned books were produced treating of man like any other animal and boiling down all that could be found about him, viewed in that light, in print. There was a big book on "The Child," for instance and another on "The Woman." everything that could be found in medical books, in travellers' tales or in old books of customs was put together, with no excess of discrimination perhaps, but providing an infinity of curious information, an

inexhaustible arsenal of statistics and of "established facts" for which chapter and verse could be given, and any amount of amusement to those who could read them with discernment. The "facts" and "statistics" have been borrowed and repeated, and are believed in by those who use them with as little question as the law of gravitation or the roundness of the earth.

Part of the information is well established, part seems as mythical to sceptice as the travellers' accounts of savage oustoms, which they had no time to observe, that so solemn a philosopher as Mr. Herbert Spencer could tabulate as foundation facts. If it were not for the existence of these books and of their French and Italian derivatives. sociology and its kindred ologies would be left without ammunition, and, we imagine, we should not be looking now at the two thick volumes of "Adolescence, Its Psychology and Its Relation to Physiology, Anthropology, Sociology, Sex, Crime, Re-ligion and Education," by Dr. G. Stanley

Dr. Hall, if we are not mistaken, was the first prophet of pedagogy of the new dis-pensation. The study of that science in text books by school teachers dates from his return from Germany, and he will mark a date in American educational history like Pestalozzi and Froebel and Horac Mann. Thinge have changed for good or for bad since he took a hand in them. There is much that is interesting, much that is valuable in his "Adolescence," for Dr. Hall's reading is wide, but why keep the minds of earnest, well meaning school teachers on sexual matters that they cannot help. It is a "physiology" rather than a "psychology" of youth; but the two can't be kept apart, we suppose, in the new

What credit can Dr. Hall expect serious readers to give to his scientific statements when he accepts as "valuable documents"
Marie Bashkirtseff's journal and the even
more self-conscious bids for notoriety at any cost of the Western female self-revealers? It may add to the interest, but will not help the younger "sciences," with those who do not take them too solemnly.

Probably no part of the world, saving perhaps Tibet, is less known than Arabia. close to Western civilization though it lies. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the new volume of "The Story of Exploration" series, Mr. David George Hogarth's "The Penetration of Arabia" (Frederick A. Stokes Company), does not provide more definite information. This is the more provoking because Mr. Hogarth knows the subject thoroughly. He has preferred, however, to criticise the various travellers and to show their shortcomings rather than to present to the general reader the substance of their discoveries. The book is, therefore, in marked contrast with the first of the series, Sir Harry Johnston's Africa, which, with all its faults, gives a clear and intelligible story. Mr. Hogarth, however, supplies various bibliographies which will help those interested in the Arabian peninsula.

Turn about is only fair. Miss Eather Singleton having put together a number of descriptions and pictures illustrative of

Continued on Eighth Page.



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